

### Professional.

**Constable and Constable,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
McArthur, Ohio.

WILL attend promptly to all business in-  
trusted to their care, in Vinton and Ad-  
ams counties, and in the courts of the 7th  
Judicial dist., and in the Circuit courts of the  
U. S. for the Southern district of Ohio. Claims  
against the Government, pensions, bounty and  
back pay collected. jan4tf

**BRATTON & MAYO,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
McArthur, Vinton County, Ohio.

WILL attend to all legal business entrusted  
to their care in Vinton, Adams, Jackson,  
Ross, Pickaway, and adjoining counties. Partic-  
ular attention given to the collection of soldiers  
claims for pensions, bounties, arrears of pay,  
etc., against the U. S. or Ohio, including Mor-  
gan raid claims. jan4tf

**BRADBURY & MARK,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
McArthur, Vinton County, Ohio.

WILL attend promptly to all business en-  
trusted to their care, in Vinton and Ad-  
ams counties. Office in Hubert's building, over  
the Post Office, up stairs. ap24tf

### Watches.

**G. W. J. WOLTZ,  
DEALER IN AND REPAIRER OF  
WATCHES, CLOCKS,  
JEWELRY,**  
—AND—  
Musical Instruments,  
[Hubert's Building.] Ohio.

### Bankers.

**Kinney, Bundy & Co.,  
BANKERS,  
JACKSON, C., OHIO.**

COLLECT the accounts of business men and  
individuals of Jackson, Vinton, and adjoin-  
ing counties—dealers in exchange, uncurrent  
money and coin—make collections in all parts  
of the country, and remit proceeds promptly  
on the day we get returns. Government secu-  
rities and revenue stamps always on hand and  
for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.  
Stockholders: J. H. Chapman, President; H.  
Bundy, Vice President; T. W. Kinney, Cashier;  
Wm. Kinney; E. B. Ludwick; A. A. Austin; J. D.  
Cline; W. N. Barker; F. Ludwick. no30m6

### Groceries.

**Brown, Mackey, and Co.,  
Wholesale Grocers.**

No. 22 Paint street, Chillicothe, O.  
MERCHANTS of McArthur and surround-  
ing country, are respectfully invited to  
call and examine our stock consisting of every  
thing in the grocery line, which we will sell as  
low as the lowest and all goods warranted to be  
as represented. Before purchasing else-  
where you will do well to call and see us, as we  
will offer you inducements not to be beaten.  
No. 22 Paint street, Chillicothe, O. 1 door south  
of McKel's Quackware store. dec21m3

### Railroads.

**M. & C. R. R. TIME TABLE.**

FROM December 3rd 1865. Trains will  
leave Stations named as follows:

GOING EAST.			
Stations.	Mail.	Night Ex.	
Cincinnati,	9 10 a m	12 35 a m	
Chillicothe,	2 00 p m	3 05 a m	
Hamden,	3 45 p m	6 31 a m	
Zaleski,	4 18 p m	7 01 a m	
Marrietta,	8 20 p m	11 10 a m	

GOING WEST.			
Stations.	Mail.	Night Ex.	
Marrietta,	6 45 a m	7 05 p m	
Zaleski,	9 28 a m	11 06 p m	
Hamden,	11 09 a m	11 43 p m	
Chillicothe,	11 58 a m	1 20 a m	
Cincinnati,	4 55 p m	6 00 a m	

Trains connect at Hamden with Mail train,  
to and from Portsmouth O. dec7-65

### Hotels.

**CLIFTON HOUSE,  
Corner Sixth and Elm Streets,  
Cincinnati Ohio.**

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE CITY  
Terms \$2.00 per Day.  
OMNIBUSES carry all passengers to and  
from the cars. The new depot of the  
Marrietta and Cincinnati Railroad, corner  
Plum and Pearl streets, is only four squares  
from this house, making it convenient for pas-  
sengers to stop at the Clifton. dec2-6m

### Special Notices.

**DR. STRICKLAND'S  
MELLIPUOUS  
COUGH BALSAM**  
IS warranted to be the only preparation  
known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,  
Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs,  
Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being  
prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing,  
softening, and expectorating, and is particularly  
suitable for all affections of the Throat and  
Lungs. For sale by all Druggists everywhere.  
January 25, 1866, 17. No. 212 67A

**THE CONFESIONS AND EXPERI-  
ENCES OF AN INVALID.**  
Published at the request of a CAUTION  
to young men and others, who suffer from nervous  
debility, premature decay of Manhood, &c.,  
supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF RE-  
COVERY. By one who has cured himself after un-  
dergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a  
post-paid addressed envelope, single copies  
free of charge, may be had of the author.  
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn,  
Kings co., New York. feb1-ly

**NOTICE.**—Any person obtaining ten sub-  
scribers, and sending us the money, five-  
teen dollars, shall receive the Vinton Record  
one year gratis.

# The Vinton Record.

VOL. 1.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, MAY 10, 1866.

NO. 20.

### Poetical.

#### My Mother's Picture.

SWEET mother, when I gaze upon  
This holy face of thine,  
Thy virtues, like so many stars,  
Around it seem to shine.  
I feel myself again a child,  
In sport about your knee;  
I look up for your sunny smile,  
I never more shall see.

I think I feel your blessed kiss  
Of love upon my cheek;  
I listen for those tender words  
You never more will speak.  
I gaze upon this miniature,  
This little type of thee,  
And think this little piece of brittle glass  
Is all that's left to me.

Ah, no! fond mother, well I know  
You loved your wayward child,  
And this remembrance will to me  
Life's bitter cares beguile.  
Oh! mother guide my wandering feet  
Where sins are all forgiven,  
That I may see your angel face,  
And be your child in Heaven.

[From the Athens Messenger.]

#### To Mary in Trouble.

BY ANNA.

THERE'S a frown upon your brow, Mary,  
A tear within your eye,  
A sigh upon your lip, Mary;  
Why is it, Mary, why?  
Methought thy path of life, Mary,  
Meandered through sweet vales,  
Where flowers margined rivulets,  
Were fanned by softest gales.

I'd even dared to dream, Mary,  
No passion's storm could rage,  
And leave its dire destruction track  
Upon thy young heart's page.  
You say that "friends are false," Mary;  
'Tis but an old, old tale;  
None ever had so many friends,  
But some were sure to fail.

And do you deem this life, Mary,  
Is naught but stars and sun?  
With thornless flowers 'long all the way,  
And we glide unharmed on?  
Ah, no! 'tis never so, Mary,  
For clouds will often rise,  
And storms may close the day, Mary,  
That op'd with fairest skies.

Flowers that loveliest bloom, Mary,  
Are oft with poison filled,  
And many a trusting heart, Mary,  
The sparkling cup has chilled.  
Yet do not be dismayed, Mary,  
The clouds will soon remove;  
Other flowers will bloom, Mary,  
And some may thornless prove.

But you must trust in God, Mary;  
Without Him friends are naught;  
Ask and He'll not refuse, Mary,  
To guide your every thought.  
None ever came to Him, Mary,  
With earnest, trustful prayer,  
But found the heart grow light, Mary,  
The way grow smooth and fair.  
Athens, O., April 29, 1866.

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Way to Keep Him.

"Out again to-night?" said Mrs.  
Hayes, fretfully, as her husband  
rose from the tea-table, and donned  
his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with  
Moore. I shall be in early; have  
a light in the library. Good night."

And with a careless nod, William  
Hayes left the room.  
"Always the way," murmured  
Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon  
the sofa. "Out every night. I  
don't believe he loves me any  
more. Oh, dear, why is it? I was  
not rich; he did not marry me for  
my money, and he must have loved  
me then; why does he treat me  
with so much neglect?" And with  
her mind filled with such frightful  
queries, Lizzie fell asleep on the  
sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she  
lay there. She was a blonde, with  
a small graceful figure, and a pret-  
ty face. The hair, which showed  
by its rich waves its natural ten-  
dency to curl, was brushed smooth-  
ly back, and gathered into a rich  
knot at the back—it was such a  
bother to curl it, she said—her  
cheek was pale, and her whole face  
wore a discontented expression.—  
Her dress was a neat chintz wrap-  
per, but she wore neither collars  
nor sleeves. "What's the use of  
dressing up just for William?"  
Lizzie slept soundly for two hours,  
and then awoke suddenly. She sat  
up, glanced at the clock, and sighed  
drearily at the prospect of the long  
interval still to be spent before  
bedtime.

The library was just over the  
room in which she sat, and down  
the furnace-flue, through the regis-  
ter, a voice came to the young wife's  
ears. It was her husband's.  
"Well, Moore, what's a man to do?  
I must have pleasure somewhere.  
Who would have fancied that Lizzie

Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and  
loving, could change to the fretful  
dowdy she is now? Who wants to  
stay at home to hear his wife whin-  
ing all the evening about her  
troublesome servants, and her  
headache and all sorts of bothers?  
She's got the knack of that drawl-  
ing whine so pat, 'pon my life, I  
don't believe she can speak pleas-  
antly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was  
this true? She looked in the glass.  
If not exactly dowdy, her costume  
was certainly not suitable for an  
evening with only William to ad-  
mire. She rose, and softly went to  
her room, with bitter, sorrowful  
thoughts, and a firm resolution to  
win back her husband's heart, and  
then, his love regained, to keep it.

The next morning William came  
into the breakfast room with his  
usual careless manner, but a bright  
smile came on his lips as he saw  
Lizzie. A pretty chintz, with neat  
collar and sleeves of snow-white  
muslin, with a wreath of soft full  
curls, had really metamorphosed  
her; while the blush her husband's  
admiring glance called up to her  
cheek did not detract from her  
beauty. At first William thought  
there must be a guest, but glanc-  
ing around, he found they were  
alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will  
soon be cold," said Lizzie, in a  
cheerful, pleasant voice.  
"It must be cool till you sweeten  
my breakfast with a kiss," said her  
husband crossing the room to her  
side; and Lizzie's heart bounded as  
she recognized the old lover's tone  
and manner.

Not one fretful speech, not one  
complaint fell upon William's ear  
through the meal. The newspaper,  
the usual solace of that hour, lay  
untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily  
on every pleasant topic she could  
think of, warming by his grateful  
interest and cordial manner.  
"You will be at home to dinner?"  
she said, as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie; I've busi-  
ness out of town; but I'll be home  
early to tea. Have something sub-  
stantial for I don't expect to dine.  
Good-bye." And the smiling look,  
warm kiss, and lively whistle, were  
a marked contrast to his lounging,  
careless gait of the previous even-  
ing.

"I am in the right path," said  
Lizzie, in a low whisper. "Oh,  
what a fool I have been for the last  
two years! A fretful dowdy!"—  
William, you shall never say that  
again."

Lizzie loved her husband with  
real wifely devotion, and her lips  
would quiver as she thought of his  
confidence to his friend Moore; but  
like a brave little woman, she stifled  
back the bitter feelings, and  
tripped off to perfect her plans.—  
The grand piano, silent for months,  
was opened, and the linen covers  
taken from the furniture, Lizzie  
saying, "He shan't find any parlors  
more pleasant than his own, I'm  
determined."

Tea-time came, and William  
came with it. A little figure in a  
tasty, bright silk dress, smooth  
curls, and oh! such a lovely blush  
and smile, stood ready to welcome  
William as he came in; and tea-  
time passed as the morning meal  
had done. After tea there was no  
movement as usual toward the hat-  
rack. William stood up beside the  
table, lingering and chatting, until  
Lizzie arose. She led him to the  
light, warm parlors, in their pretty  
glow of tasteful arrangement, and  
drew him down on the sofa beside  
her. He felt as if he were court-  
ing over again, as he watched her  
fingers, busy with some fancy  
needlework, and listened to the  
cheerful voice he had loved so  
dearly two years before.

"What are you making, Lizzie?"  
"A pair of slippers. Don't you  
remember how much you admired  
the pair I worked for you—oh! ever  
so long ago?"  
"I remember—black velvet, with  
flowers on them. I used to put  
my feet on the fenders, and dream  
of blue eyes and bright curls, and  
wished time would move faster to  
the day when I could bring my  
bonny wife home to make music in  
my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a mo-  
ment, as she thought of the last  
two years, and how little music she  
had made for his loving heart, grad-  
ually weaning it from its allegi-  
ance, and then she said:  
"I wonder if you love music as  
much now as you did then?"  
"Of course I do. I very often  
drop into Mrs. Smith's for nothing  
else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than  
Mrs. Smith," said Lizzie, pouting.  
"But you always say you are out  
of practice when I ask you."  
"I had the piano tuned this morn-  
ing. Now open it and we will  
see how it sounds."

William obeyed joyfully, and  
tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie  
took the piano-stool. She had a  
very sweet voice, not powerful, but  
most musical, and was a very fair  
performer on the piano.  
"Ballads, Lizzie."

"Oh, yes, I know you dislike op-  
era music in a parlor."  
One song after another, with a  
nocturne, or lively instrumental  
piece, occasionally, between them,  
filled up another hour pleasantly.  
The little mantle clock struck  
eleven!

"Eleven! I thought it was about  
nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie,  
as I used to do, for staying so long;  
and I can truly say, as I did then,  
that the time has passed so pleas-  
antly I can scarcely believe it is so  
late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's  
work put up in the basket, and  
William was ready to go up stairs;  
but glancing back, he saw his lit-  
tle wife near the fireplace, her hands  
clasped, her head bent, and large  
tears falling from her eyes. He  
was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill?—  
What is the matter?"  
"Oh, William, I have been such  
a bad wife; I heard you tell Mr.  
Moore last evening how I had dis-  
appointed you; but I will try to  
make your home pleasant. Indeed  
I will, if you will forgive and love  
me."

"Love you! Oh, Lizzie, you can't  
guess how dearly I love you!"  
As the little wife lay down that  
night, she thought:

"I have won him back again!—  
Better than that, I have learned  
THE WAY TO KEEP HIM!"

### Tilting Hoops.

THAT it is necessary, in the cause  
of public decency, to say nothing  
about good morals, for public jour-  
nals to enter a protest against an  
infamous fashion, shows how ter-  
ribly society is becoming demoral-  
ized. The tilting hoop mania  
among the women and girls of res-  
pectable families, is a startling epi-  
sode in American society. That  
women of mature years should  
wear them, and thus expose their  
persons to the lascivious gaze of  
street loafers, are indications that  
the wearers naturally, if not really,  
belong to the abandoned class by  
whom this detestable fashion was  
first inaugurated—but that young  
girls of respectable families are al-  
lowed to appear on the street in a  
guise which identifies them with  
public prostitutes, with the sanc-  
tion or permission of their parents,  
argues very poorly for the good  
sense or discretion of their parents  
or guardians.

Such sights are now daily to be  
witnessed on our streets, as would  
shame the Lorettes of Paris and  
bring a blush to the cheeks of Cy-  
prians. We have seen young la-  
dies of the most respectable (so-  
called) families of this city, ex-  
pose their persons through the in-  
strumentality of this infamous  
fashion in a manner which calls  
loudly for the action of the police.  
To the conservative influence of  
that body we appeal for the pro-  
tection of public morals. They  
should arrest every woman who  
appears upon the streets in this  
abominable guise. This seems to  
be the only effective remedy against  
that fearful abandonment of Amer-  
ican women to the behests of fash-  
ion. Let the remedy be adopted  
at once. It must be evident that  
a crisis is being forced on in the  
fashionable world which will soon-  
er or later call forth the "armed  
intervention" of the public author-  
ities.—[New York Union.

Two gentlemen walking together  
were talking of the senses—seeing,  
feeling and the like. One remark-  
ed that his sense of hearing was  
remarkable for its acuteness, while  
the other was not wonderfully en-  
dowed in this respect, but observed  
that his vision was wonderful.—  
"Now, to illustrate," said he, "I can  
see a fly on the spire of yonder  
church." The other looked sharply  
at the place indicated. "Ah!" said  
he, "I can't see him, but I can hear  
him step."

Why cannot a deaf man be le-  
gally convicted? Because it is not  
lawful to condemn a man without  
a hearing.

### The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

WE have read somewhere of a  
hard case whom his friends had  
tried every way to reclaim from his  
confirmed habit of drinking. As  
a last experiment, they took him  
one night, while dead drunk, and  
placed him away in a coffin. In  
order to convince him still strong-  
er that he was dead and gone, a  
friend consented to disguise and  
stow himself away in another cof-  
fin to watch the effect, and carry  
out according to circumstances the  
serious joke.

Having got over his nap, the he-  
ro of the story raised himself slow-  
ly in his coffin the next morning,  
and looked around with no little  
surprise. Seeing the other man in  
the same fix, he shook his muddy  
head and rubbed his eyes and said:  
"Hallo, stranger, can't you give  
me an item?"  
"You? why you're dead and bur-  
ied."

"You don't say so!"  
"Yes, but you are."

"Well, you're in the same bad  
snap, ain't you?"  
"Yes, I am, too."

"Poor fellow! Well, I must have  
died very sudden anyhow. I was  
out on a regular spree last night!"  
"Oh, me, you are mistaken. You  
have been dead and buried three  
years."

"The devil I have! Well it don't  
seem long to me. How long have  
you been here, I'd like to know?"  
"Five years."

"Five, eh! Well as you have  
been here longer than I have, and  
know the place better, just tell me  
where I can get a good gin cock-  
tail?"

### To Wool-Growers.

THE following remarks in refer-  
ence to preparing wool for market,  
is copied from a circular issued by  
Tyler, McInnes & Co., Wool Com-  
mission Merchants, Boston:

"It is very important that wool-  
growers should pay more attention  
to the order in which their wool is  
prepared for market, and, as the  
next clip is near at hand, we deem  
it necessary to say a few words on  
this subject.

In order to secure a quick sale  
and extreme market rates, wool  
should be well washed, and clipped  
in seven or ten days after washing.

All buck fleeces, washed or un-  
washed, all half washed, and all  
that remains two or three weeks  
after washing before it is clipped,  
manufacturers will not purchase  
except at one-third discount off.

Wool-growers cannot pay too  
much attention to this matter. A  
lot of wool well washed and in  
good order always attracts the at-  
tention of buyers, and commands a  
price more than sufficient to pay  
for the extra care and labor be-  
stowed upon it."

How to Grow Beautiful.—Persons may  
outgrow disease and become healthy by  
proper attention to the laws of their phys-  
ical constitution. By moderate and daily  
exercise, men may become active and  
strong in limb and muscle. But to grow  
beautiful, how? Age dims the lustre of  
the eye and pales the roses on beauty's  
cheek; while crowfeet and furrows, and  
wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs,  
and bald head, and tottering limbs, and  
limping, most sadly mar the human form  
divine. But dim as the eye is, pallid and  
sunk as may be the face of beauty, and  
frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and  
manly body, the immortal soul, just fledg-  
ling its wings for its home in heaven, may  
look out through those faded windows as  
beautiful as the dew-drop of summer's  
morning, as melting as the tears that glisten  
in affection's eye—by growing kindly,  
by cultivating sympathy with all human  
kind, by cherishing forbearance toward the  
foibles and follies of our race, and feeding,  
day by day, on that love to God and man  
which lifts us from the brute and makes us  
akin to angels.

ANECDOTE OF DR. EMMONS.—A Panthe-  
ist minister met him one day and abruptly  
asked—  
"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"  
"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?"  
"As old as the creation," was the answer,  
in a triumphant tone.

"Then you are of the same age with Ad-  
am and Eve?"  
"Certainly! I was in the garden when  
they were."

"I have always heard that there was a  
third person in the garden with them," re-  
plied the doctor with great coolness; "but  
I never knew before that it was you!"

We heard a lawyer and a doctor  
disputing the other day about a bill  
a fellow owed each of them. He  
was only able to pay one of them,  
and so he left the matter to them-  
selves as to who ought to have the  
money.

"I ought to have the money, as  
a matter of course," said the law-  
yer, "for I saved him from going to  
the penitentiary."

"Well," said the doctor, "I saved  
him from going to h—ll!"  
It is needless to add which one  
got the money.

### ADVERTISING TERMS.

One square, ten lines, ..... \$1 00  
Each additional insertion, ..... 50  
Cards, per year, ten lines, ..... 4 00  
Notices of Executors, Administra-  
tors and Guardians, ..... 2 00  
Attachment notices before J. P., ..... 2 00  
Local notices, per line, ..... 10  
Yearly advertisements will be charged  
\$400 per column, and at proportionate  
rates for less than a column. Payable in  
advance.

### Wit and Humor.

Why is the rinderpest like a  
mouse? Because the cat'll (cattle)  
catch it.

Why is a retired printer like an  
express man? Because he's an  
express-man.

Why is playing chess a more ex-  
emplary occupation than playing  
cards? Because you play at cards  
with four knaves.

A MAN proves himself fit to go  
higher, who shows that he is faith-  
ful where he is.

MEN's brains ought to work very  
smoothly now, they have so much  
oil on them.

Young gentlemen who would  
prosper in love should woo gently.  
It is not fashionable for young la-  
dies to take ardent spirits.

"SHALL I cut the line of mutton  
saddlewise? No," was the reply;  
"cut it bridewise, for then we may  
get a bit in our mouths."

Most of the shadows that cross  
our pathway in life are caused by  
our standing in our own light.

God proportions out our trials,  
and supplies us with a remedy;  
where his rod strikes us his staff  
supports us.

An old bachelor says that he re-  
ceived a basket of peaches last  
season that looked as though pret-  
ty girls had watched their growth  
and tinted them with their blushes.

DR. STEVENS MERRITT, the wit-  
ness who testified so positively, a  
few days ago, as to Jeff. Davis'  
complicity with the assassination  
plots, was re-examined, on Satur-  
day, and contradicted his previous  
statement.

PARSON BROWNLOW says that he  
is not afraid to indorse Sumner and  
Stevens on his own dung-hill. A  
dung-hill, says Prentice, is the on-  
ly place where they should be in-  
dorsed.

A MAN out West says he moved  
so often during one year, that  
whenever a covered wagon stopped  
at his gate, his chickens would fall  
on their backs and hold up their  
feet to be tied and thrown in.

"Now, my little boys and girls,"  
said a teacher, "I want you to be  
very still—so still that you can  
hear a pin drop." For a minute all  
was still, and a little boy shrieked,  
"let her drop!"

It may interest American ladies  
to know that the fashions which  
they adopt with such avidity and  
follow with such rigid undeviation,  
are born of the voluptuous fancy  
of Parisienus whose company they  
would shun and at contact with  
whom they would shudder. They  
are neither maids nor wives.

THE following funny advertise-  
ment of a runaway wife, was re-  
cently posted in a town in North-  
ern New York:

"My nam dats Peter Koville, my  
wife's nam dats Peter Koville too.  
He lef my house and no ax me, any  
man dat truss him on my nam dats  
loss for you."

A FURRIER, wishing to inform the  
public that he would make up furs  
in a fashionable manner, out of old  
furs which ladies have at home, ap-  
pended the following to his adver-  
tisement:

N. B.—Capes, victorines, &c.,  
made up for ladies in fashionable  
styles, out of their own skins.

ARTEMUS WARD thus describes  
his perils at sea:

"Deth stared us in the face. But  
we had rather the advantage of  
Deth. While Deth stared us into  
the face there was about seventy  
of us staring Deth into the face.—  
The prospect wasn't pleasing